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POPULAR TALES.

THE ACTRESS.

A TRANSLATION.—BY L. H. M.

(Concluded.)

The following morning saw Lennox an early visitor at Willoughby's Hotel; he found him engaged in giving directions concerning his approaching marriage, and laughing lightly as if there was not a care on his mind nor a cloud on his brow.

'Ha, Lennox, I am glad you have come, wait one moment and I will attend you.'—'Now,' he continued, when the others had departed, 'what news of this fair Dido?'

'I do not envy your mirth, Mr. Willoughby—Mademoiselle Estelle was conveyed home this morning in a very dangerous state.'

'Oh! women have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love; but to business—see, here is a locket that I wish you to return to Constance, and get back for me certain letters that I was foolish enough to write her,—I do not wish to leave behind a trace of my former folly.'

'You had better ask them for yourself—the least you owe her is to say farewell.'

'Oh! no, it would hurt my feelings and could do no good—you must assure her that nothing but hard necessity could induce me to leave her, &c. &c. and any other lies you like to make out; and I say, Lennox, you seem to have a fancy for this disconsolate maiden; now's your time to make up to her, for there's many a tennis ball caught at the rebound.'

'Mr. Willoughby,' said Lennox, rising, 'your selfish, mercenary feeling, and cruel policy, has made me think worse of mankind than I ever did before. I tell you very frankly, that I execute this commission only in the hopes of benefitting your victim, by letting her behold what a low, grovelling creature she has been unhappy enough to love. When this is done, our friendship is ended.'

With a heavy heart Lennox pursued his way to May Fair; and when the man opened the door, he almost dreaded to ask him of his mistress.

Mrs. Walton, the elderly chaperon, whom he had first beheld at the theatre, came down, and begged him to walk up stairs. 'She has never spoken or moved since her return; alas! Sir, I am afraid she is dying!'

Thrown across the bed, pale and cold as the white linen which enfolded her, lay the unhappy Con-

stance: her long dark hair fell around her like a pall, and when Lennox first beheld her, he breathed a thanksgiving that her spirit had escaped from the misery of earth: but she was not dead, and when he breathed the *one* name that alone filled her heart, she started to sense and motion. With a faltering voice Lennox executed his commission, and placed in her hand the locket of hair and blue riband with which it had been worn. She looked sadly on it.

'Oh! when I cut him this, how little did I anticipate this hour! Look, (and she drew a similar pledge from her bosom,) see this little lock of chestnut hair; from the hour it was given it has never left the sanctuary of my breast; in sorrow and in pain I have pressed it to my heart, and felt comforted; when the memory of my home has risen before me, I have kissed this, and forgotten all beside; in the stunning hour when I first stood, compelled by motives strong as death, a candidate for public applause, even then I felt this laying on my heart, and I remembered that there was *one* who would love me still, and I wept no more. I *will not* part with it; this at least can never change, and it shall lay in my bosom till I die. Say to him that my affection is not as the veering wind; even his cruel falsehood cannot change *my* love.'

'Will you return his letters?'

'No: he shall not have the pleasure to see how they have been worn by the throbbing of my heart; how my tears and kisses have effaced their characters. Let this satisfy him.' She threw them in the flames, and watched their consuming without a sigh; when the last spark was vanished, she fell again on the bed in a passion of tears.

'Mademoiselle Estelle,' said Lennox, 'I conjure you to control yourself, and forget a man who is so far unworthy of your love, that at this very hour he is courting the lady whom another week will see his wife. Let me entreat—'

She started up. 'What did you say?'

He repeated his words; she walked slowly up to him—

'In the name of the eternal God, have you spoken the truth?'

'So may he help me in my utmost need!'

She folded her arms over her breast. 'It is over,' were all the words she spoke; but there was a frightful change passed her features. Lennox would have spoken, but he felt strangely awed by the impressive, deadened expression of her eye.—The door opened, and Mrs. Walton came in.

'Signora,' she said, 'the manager of the opera has sent again to know if we have the physician's certificate of your inability to appear. He says—'

'Tell him I will certainly appear to night, and bid Floranthe prepare my dress at once, for the time is short.' 'Farewell, Sir, accept my thanks for your friendly feelings; say to him for me, that we shall surely meet again.'

'For heaven's sake—'

'Stay—there remains this, (she snapped the slight golden chain from her neck, and threw it beneath her feet,) the last tie that bound us is severed. Fare you well.'

It was long past midnight, yet a small party of men were still assembled in an inner room of a spacious mansion in St. James' street, London. Nothing could exceed the gorgeous splendor of the apartment; art and luxury seemed to have outdone themselves in its decoration; but the haggard group assembled there recked nothing of its magnificence. Seated at a *Rouge et Noir* table, was a man of noble mien, on whose desperate play the attention of the others seemed fixed; his brow was livid, and the large gout of agony rolled heavily over it; his ashy lips were forcibly compressed, as if he dreaded that the curses which rose from his heart might find a vent; and though his dilated eyeballs were strained upon the cards, their power of vision was almost lost in the overwhelming horror of his mind. Those who sat with him had the composed, cold look of professional gamblers; yet even their wonder seemed partially roused by the tremendous stakes of the other, and they suspended their own play to watch the issue of the final set made by him. Behind the chair of the player stood, a tall interesting youth, whose actions belied his mild appearance; for it was evident that he had throughout the evening, urged on the unhappy loser to try again and again, supplying him with money as fast as he could lose it. He now bent forward and whispered words of encouragement.

'The red has been very unfortunate; try a stake on black; my life on it, you win. Here, double your set, and you will redeem all.'

'I have lost all,' hoarsely murmured the player.

'Pshaw! Willoughby, be a man,—if you leave now, you are lost,—try once more,—here is a note for what will cover all your losses,—put your hand to this I. O. U., and we are square.'

The despairing gambler glanced vacantly on the bill; its prodigious amount startled even him, and he put it back.

'Why, Willoughby,' continued the tempter, 'you are grown childish,—you are in for it already beyond hope, except by one lucky hit. Remember Ellen, you have beggared her.'

These last words were spoken so deep and low that he to whom they were addressed alone heard them. He started convulsively and seizing the paper offered, signed without looking at it, then grasping the bill of exchange, set it on the black. The boy smiled, and leaning back gave a momentary sign to the dealer. The cards were made and cut, '*Rouge gagne et la couleur perd*,' was the hopeless cry, and the pitiless rake of the croupier swept away the last hope of the ruined gambler. From the moment when he had taken the money, Willoughby had closed his eyes, nor did he move a single muscle till he heard the decision; then he smiled. Oh! the wildest burst of despair is powerless to the ghastly smile which distorts the features of a gambler. He knows that he is ruined beyond hope or redress,—he remembers that the curses of those

whom he has undone await him,—he wishes that the earth would yawn and hide him from the desolation he has made,—he curses the cards, himself and his God in his despairing soul;—yet he smiles!—that withering smile, like the hand writing on the wall, silently tells of destruction and death. The young man who had urged this awful crisis, now drew him away from the table, and supported him from the Pandemonium into an outer room. He did not attempt to speak, for to name comfort was mockery, and it was unnecessary to repeat the certainty of his ruin. Willoughby was the first to break the silence.

'Lindsay,' he said hoarsely, 'leave me now. To-morrow,' and he repeated his hideous smile, 'to-morrow, I will settle all.'

'Come, Mr. Willoughby, you must go home—home to your wife.'

'I have no home—I have no wife,' howled the despairing wretch, 'I desire to hear of none. Go you, and tell her, who was once my wife, that the wretch who has long neglected, has now beggared her! That he has repaid her trusting liberality by ruining her. Tell her the bed she rests her aching head upon, will to-morrow be seized from under her. Tell her that her baby may cry in vain for bread.'

'Oh, hush—be patient, be calm.'

Willoughby started as if an arrow had pierced his heart, and groaned heavily:—'Once I said those very words to one whose agony was equal to mine now,—Oh, Constance, you are fearfully avenged.'

Lindsay shivered, and replied hurriedly—'It is very late and cold—come, Willoughby, you had better go home.'

The agony of the unhappy man burst out again at the mention of home. 'Home! my home is in — ha, ha,'—and he laughed aloud—'tell Ellen that I am gone *there*; and bid her stir the coals beneath me with her tears and curses.'

The loud tones of his voice attracted a passer-by—for they had reached the steps as he spoke—and, as if attracted by them, he stopped short and looked steadfastly at Willoughby and his companion.

'Good heavens! Reginald Willoughby—is it, can it be you?'

'Colonel Lennox!'

They had not met since the marriage of Willoughby, and Lennox had resolved never to be friendly with him again; but the agony of his countenance awakened his ancient regard, and he said

'Merciful powers, how you are changed—but for your voice, I should not have known you: who is with you?—Ha, Mr. Lindsay, are you also playing this wretched game? I thought I saw you at the Opera to-night?'

Lindsay coloured—'I was there a few minutes—do, Col. Lennox, speak to Mr. Willoughby, and persuade him to go home.'

Willoughby looked fiercely up,—'Again!—why will you torture me with that word?'

'Good God! what is the matter?' asked Lennox.

'Listen to me, and I will tell you. I have forsaken and brutally used my wife—I have made my baby-boy an houseless beggar—I have the fiends of hell gnawing at my vitals; and he—he who has driven me on to this, now bids me go home.'

As he spoke, human nature gave way under the torture, and he fell senseless on the steps. Lindsay beckoned a man who seemed waiting for them at a little distance, and whispered to him some words.—Lennox recognised in him the old and faithful servant of his ill-fated friend; and he heard him reply to Lindsay's words,

'Never fear sir, I will not leave him for a single second.'

'Good night, Col. Lennox—good night, Mr. Willoughby; I wish you better—good night, honest James, remember.'

'There is more in this than meets the eye,' thought Lennox, as the slight form of Lindsay moved rapidly away. 'Where is it that I have seen that boy so frequently of late? Oh! I remember—it must be so—gracious Heavens! it is *her* doing—I will follow and see.'

He turned to follow Lindsay, who had cut across the Hay Market, and was making rapidly for May Fair. The Opera House was long since closed; but fragments of bills remained, announcing that Mademoiselle Estelle had that night played Medea.

'Aye, even so,' muttered Lennox, 'who that saw her with the blood of her children on her hand and brow—who that heard those fiendish tones of triumphant revenge, could doubt that they came from the heart! Love and joy, and even hope may fade away, but vengeance endureth to the end.'

Lindsay had now gained his place of destination, and passing round to a back door, knocked gently; it was instantly opened by a female.

'Is she still up?' asked he.

'Yes, and anxiously awaiting you,—go up.'

He ascended the stairs with a bounding heart, and entered a lady's boudoir. The room was not large, but furnished with oriental magnificence—the thickly-piled Eastern carpets gave back no footstep, and the panelled doors turned upon their golden hinges without a sound. Blue satin draperies, fringed with sweeping bullion, were wreathed around the costly mirrors—several pictures and statues of Claude and Angelo were hung against the walls, and bespoke the refined taste of the owner. A harp stood in a recess, and a Spanish guitar lay by it, but several of the strings were broken, and some exotics which bloomed beside, had intertwined their silver bells around them—it had evidently been mute for many a day. Books and drawings lay in profusion on the luxurious ottomans; but they lay unopened—frankincense and cassia burned dull upon the golden censers, for no hand replenished them; and many an Asiatic night warbler thrilled his soft notes unheard and unheeded by the deity of this voluptuous temple. She lay reclined on a pile of swansdown cushions, and at her feet was couched an Italian greyhound, around whose graceful neck one of her arms reposed; the other hand held some fading flowers, on which her gaze was so intent that she seemed to count their withering leaves. She saw them not, it was seeming all; her thoughts were far from this abode of splendor, wandering over the green hills of her native Tyrol. Her head rested on the sofa, and her long loosened tresses swept down in dark profusion, contrasting with the snowy bosom they fell upon; that snowy breast was not whiter than her cheek—and so motionless was her lip and eye, that the group more resembled a rare piece of sculpture, than living creatures of earth. Lindsay stood some minutes unobserved, gazing with a flushed cheek on the beautiful image before him—at last he softly spoke her name,

'Constance, sweet Constance, are you dreaming of Heaven, that you look so like an angel?'

'Lindsay, welcome!—what news? is it over? is the work complete?'

A shade of regret passed over his face.

'It is indeed! He is ruined beyond redemption. There is the bond and judgment you desired that he should sign; you are his sole creditor, and to-

morrow you can, if you will, turn himself, his wife and child, houseless and beggared, upon the world. Oh, Constance! God alone knows why you have thus remorselessly sought the ruin of this man; for myself, were it not for that passion which has become a part of my being, I would sooner have died than been the agent of such hopeless destruction.'

She had only heard his first words, and turned from him at the sound; so he saw not the expression of her features; but when she spoke again, there was a flush upon her brow of strange and mingled feelings:

'Where is he now?'

'Gone home.'

'With whom?'

'James.'

'Enough! you have done well—farewell! Now go home, Lindsay, for you have need of rest.'

'Farewell *again!*' repeated he impatiently; 'oh! surely I have now accomplished my task, and should receive my guerdon—not farewell again, my own sweet Constance!'

She repulsed the impassioned boy with a glance that was mixed of anger, pride and dislike.

'Stay!' she said; 'to-morrow will behold my fondest wish completed; after then, ask of me what you will, and I pledge my word to grant it, if I can. Farewell, to-night!'

'Oh! no, no, no!'

'Begone!' she repeated, proudly; 'or we are friends no longer.'

She left the room as she spoke, and Lindsay slowly and sorrowfully bent his steps homeward out of humor with her, himself, and all the world. * *

'Is Mademoiselle Estelle at home?' inquired a gentleman at her residence, on the following morning.

'She is at home, but not yet visible,' was the reply.

'Do me the favor to take her this card, and say that I am waiting below.'

The footman returned.

'My mistress will see you, sir; walk up, if you please.'

'Colonel Lennox,' said Mademoiselle Estelle, rising languidly from the sofa as he entered, 'this is an unexpected honor.'

Lennox bowed stiffly; yet the stern feelings with which he had entered almost gave way as he looked upon her features; they were so changed since he had seen her, that it was scarcely possible to recognise her. Her brow was damp, her eye sunken, her lip livid, and the beautiful proportions of her form were wasted to almost spectral slowness. She extended her hand; he would have declined taking it, but it was so pale and transparent that his heart refused: her voice was low and meek, and she seemed unable to stand from extreme exhaustion.

'Mademoiselle Estelle, are you aware that Mr. Willoughby has been this morning thrown into prison by a merciless creditor?'

'I am.'

'Mademoiselle Estelle, are you that creditor?'

'I am.'

'Is it possible! Can you forget, that the innocent are deeply involved in his ruin?'

'Do you mean his wife? She is at this very hour preparing to leave him and his home for ever, and fly to guilt, misery, and irretrievable ruin, in the arms of the false libertine, Lord St. George.'

'Great heaven! let me hasten to prevent and save her.'

'Stay, Col. Lennox, and hear me.' She procured some drops from a phial near, and swallowed

them. 'My strength is all artificial, you see; but it will last my time, *for I am dying*.'

Col. Lennox started; she smiled faintly: 'Yes, I thank God, my weary race is almost done; the goal is in view, and I must not sink now. Have you forgotten the last time that I and Reginald met? We have not seen each other since; but we shall surely meet once more, and not again till we meet at the judgment seat of God. Col. Lennox, you may have loved and been beloved, but you know little of such love as that I bore for Willoughby; you know how he returned it; you know how he cast away and crushed the affections of a heart that would have shed its blood by drops for him. During the wild anguish of that dreadful night, I deeply swore to be so revenged that he should feel my power in his inmost soul, and weep drops of blood over my wrongs. I prayed to that God to whom vengeance belongeth, for life only until this object was accomplished; upon this hope I have dragged through many a weary hour; it has been food and rest, and vital air to me; it has upborne me amidst anguish, dissimulation, and disease; it gives me strength now to speak; it will give me soon the power to do, and finally it will lay me at peace for ever.'

'And can these horrible feelings be the prevailing ones of a dying creature? Woman, have you no sins to be forgiven by your God?'

She appeared not to heed him, and continued with terrible emphasis:—'He married, but soon his thirst for power and preferment involved him in pecuniary embarrassment; this carried him to the gambling table, and there he became the prey and dupe of sharpers. By means of those riches, which were only valuable as they forwarded my revenge, I have become his chief, his only creditor, and not only his possessions, but his person, are in my hands. But what is money? while he would have a faithful wife to cheer his prison, while the innocent laugh of a rosy child gladdened its walls, he would never feel the destruction he had brought upon himself; but his absence and neglect have so wounded the pride and roused the indignation of that wife, that she contemplates revenging herself by her own eternal ruin. Much falsehood, treachery, and imposition have been employed to force her to this step; and even though consenting, her heart is all devoted to her husband; and when passion has subsided, and she learns his ruined and desolate condition, what anguish will enter into her soul!'

'How know you this?'

'By the surest means. I procured my own maid to be engaged by Mrs. Willoughby, and know, through her, every working of her mind. On her I can also depend to preserve her mistress spotless till the hour when my purpose shall be consummated; that hour is at hand; come with me, and as you were a witness to my agony and wrong, behold also my triumph and revenge.'

Like the bird to which it erst belonged, my 'gray goose quill' is very mutable; one change more, and then, kind reader, I will trespass on your patience no farther.

A lady was occupied in assorting and placing clothes in an open portmanteau, which stood beside her; she was very young and fair, but seemed overcome by the deepest sorrow, for often she would throw away the article she held, and, leaning her head against the box, weep passionately for some minutes, then dashing her tears proudly away, continue her employment. Another female, whose soft features and gazelle eyes bespoke her Italian birth, was arranging jewels in a casket.

'Be speedy, dear lady—the time is short.'

'Beatrice,' replied the lady, 'I cannot go, I will not.'

'You have promised, Madonna.'

'Yes, yes, I have—I will perform. Why should I stay with one who despises and forsakes me?'

She was some minutes silent, then asked—'What was it Lord St. George told you?—my brain is dizzy, and I remember nothing.'

'That it would excite suspicion to fetch you himself,—but that he would send one on whom you might fearlessly rely.'

'It is well, well,' she answered with a bewildered air; 'I care for nothing now, but to show him that Ellen Grosvenor was not the heartless, idle plaything he took her to be.'

'They are here, Madonna—are you ready?'

'Aye, ready to do and die! Oh! Beatrice, when first he brought me here a rejoicing bride, did I contemplate this hour!—But I will not weep,—no, he deserves no tears,—he too shall feel the griefs of hearts forsaken.'

A stranger, much muffled in a cloak and cap, was waiting in the hall—he seemed to start, when first Ellen approached, but quickly recovering himself, said, 'Mr. Willoughby sent me for you, Mademoiselle, he has been hurt by a fall.'

'Who?' cried the weeping lady.

'Hush!'—remember the servants; will you come?

The last words were so softly said, that Ellen felt as if she saw a friend before her,—she gave her hand, and past through the door almost unconscious of her actions.—A carriage was in waiting at the end of the street, and soon it was rapidly whirling Mrs. Willoughby from her husband and her home. * * *

'The low tones of his voice died away; there was a pause broken only by Ellen's sobs,'—at last she said,—'And my husband—does he know of this?'

'No, nor ever shall.'

'But Lord St. George, will he not speak of?—'

'He has nothing to speak of,—many of your letters written to him under the influence of delusion and pride, were suppressed, and never given to him—and for the last, in which a consent to this wretched step was wrung from you,—such an one was substituted, as has sent Lord St. George away to the continent, to hide his disappointment and failure, and left him nothing whereof to boast.' * * *

'May God for ever bless you, my preserver,—where are we now?'

'At Kensington, where we are come for your lovely child—had even my arguments failed, the sight of his innocent face must have recalled you to yourself. There, press him to your heart—have you known a mother's love, and would you leave your child?'

'Take me to my husband—this little cherub shall plead with him to forgive his Ellen.'

'He is already conscience stricken for his conduct towards you—he knows the arts and lures that have been employed to ruin you, and of this step shall be forever ignorant; he sees the dreadful effects of gaming, and in remorse and anguish has abjured it for ever. When he hears that you no sooner knew he was ruined and wretched, but you flew to comfort him—he will bind you more firmly to his heart than when he wooed and won your virgin love.'

'Take, oh! take me to him.'

'We are here—enter the prison of your husband.'

Two gentlemen were waiting near, one of whom took the child in his arms, while the other supported the half fainting form of Ellen Willoughby. Her

mysterious guide walked alone and behind—so they entered the jail.

'Willoughby,' said Col. Lennox, 'I bring you a virtuous, tender wife, whom treachery and falsehood could not sever from your side, and who clings to your fortunes the more that they are fallen and lone.'

'Willoughby,' said Lindsay, 'I bring you back the entire losses you have made, and restore you the deeds of a property as unincumbered as ever; the agony you have suffered is not thrown away, if it has dragged you from the horrors of a gaming house, and saved you from its ruin.'

'Almighty God!—who has done this?'

'A friend of yours, unto death,' answered the stranger, advancing and dropping the cloak which had concealed her, 'one whom nothing but death can teach to love you less.'

'Constance!'

She raised her eyes, and her pale lips moved in prayer. 'Blessed spirit of my sainted father, aid your child once more—one last struggle, and all is over.' She advanced to Ellen, and taking her hand, laid it gently on her husband's breast.

He folded her there, and their little boy hung about their knees, lisping his joy in childhood's endearing accents.

'May God for ever—bless you—both—together!' articulated Constance with great difficulty, as she sunk to the floor. Lennox and Lindsay ran to her; there was a smile of joy which passeth all understanding on her faded features; it was the last ray of reason that ever shone upon them.

They bore her home, but she knew them not;—her mind had been strained to a fearful tension, and regained no more its power;—her spirit wandered back to the home of her happy childhood, and often from her pale lips burst snatches of the wild Ranz de Vaches; she talked of her flowers and her birds, as if she still sat in sinless innocence at her aged father's feet; the load of misery which had weighed upon her breast from the hour when she left her native hills, was forgotten.

Her sins were forgiven, and tranquilly she entered into rest. Her last breath named her father, and the blessed smile which gilded her dying face, seemed the seal of pardon and peace. 'The silver bow was bent—the golden pitcher broken at the fountain;—the spirit of the Tyrolese girl was gone to judgment, and surely the eye of Eternal Love would look with pity on her errors, and to her 'who had so much loved, much would be forgiven.'

For the Rural Repository.

TO NERVOUS CELEBS, A. M. A. A. S. F. R. S.

Poetry and Romance, Mr. Celebs, have evidently added your brain; like your great progenitor Don Quixotte, whose mantle you are so proud of inheriting, you have the wonderful faculty of seeing things, which no sober person ever saw; like the knight of La Mancha, too, you fancy yourself the hero, who is about to purge society of 'Gorgons, Hydras and Chimeras dire' and prune our sex of an Atlantean mass of immodesty, which exists no where, but in the phrenzied recesses of your own brain. Mounted on your *Rosentish* Pegasus, you have sallied forth in quest of adventures, and your Quixotish imagination has conjured up a thousand imaginary 'extravagancies' in our sex, on which you have commenced, without rhyme, reason, or measure, as furious a charge, as the poor Don did on the *wind mills*; what a remarkable coincidence, that too such *giants* in chivalry should have both waged war on *castles*

in the air. But sir I am not disposed to flatter you—you are at best, but a degenerate son of that valorous knight; to shield the character of our sex from foul aspersions, was almost the sole object of *his* life, while you seem to prolong yours, in spite of the advice of your best friends, only to sully the reputation, and blast the fair fame of the innocent, and the lovely.

In the 'plenitude' of your *spleen*, you have exhausted the whole catalogue of scandal, in search of vulgar, and, 'opprobrious' terms to apply to us; the *epithets*—'Termagant,' 'She-romp,' and other *cullings* from billingsgate, seem 'familiar to your lips, as household words,' and from the flippancy with which the 'accents' of oblique slander flow from your tongue, I should fancy, although I am no disciple of Pythagorus, that the soul of Sir Benjamin Backbite, had been transferred to you.

Now Mr. Celebs, although we do not claim to be much better than the 'vulgar,' or very far removed from *Algerines*; although we do not affect to be the *foster*-children of the graces, or paragons in modesty; although we do not pretend that our minds have received an exquisite polish, that our manners possess *Athenian* elegance, or that our *sallies* of wit are sufficiently seasoned with the *modern Attic salt*, to compare with *yours*, on the *other side*, still we have too much spirit, and independence to submit to be lectured by a libertine, who at this moment stands indicted in the *Court of Cupid*, for sundry 'misdemeanors' by 'merry moonlight.'

Without attempting to deny your own rude conduct at our parlor windows, you undertake to exculpate it on the principle of *retaliation*, permit a simple girl to ask, on what page of your criminal code, did you learn that *retaliation* was a sufficient justification for *burglary*? I await your answer—in the mean time I will remark for your own especial edification, that if you again 'perpetrate' such an act of rudeness under the cloak of *retaliation*, or any other *disguise*, you had better first don Malbrino's helmet, and be prepared for such an application of angry *broomsticks*, as, bestowed upon your unhelmed *pericraneum*, might save you the trouble of committing 'suicide.'

In your last Mr. Celebs, you admit the existence of the 'Fly Beetle Gnat Society,' and your *lieutenancy* in that band of worthies; you also announce as a 'pretty bit' of *news*, that your 'fraternity' is only an auxiliary of another society, entitled the 'She-romp's Club'—Mr. Celebs I had long been aware of the existence of that *club*; but as it is located on the *other side*, I have not had as fair an opportunity of becoming familiar with its internal regulations, as yourself; as your poem is in the Don Juan style, I propose that you devote one Canto, by way of *episode*, in immortalizing that *sisterhood*—if you would thus acquire with them, as you have already with us, an enviable Celeb-rity.

They'd be so grateful for the puff,
Each girl would seize a brick,
And build you up a monument,
A thousand fathoms thick.

I suppose you thought I could't write *verses*—there's one impromptu; it is in the John Gilpin style, the prettiest poem that Byron ever wrote.

Your attempted pleasantry in relation to my 'natural somnolency,' is far from being a lucky *hit*, as I am the sprightliest, musical little *elf* in the world, and fleet as an 'Antelope.' If you thought me 'somnolent' (what college words you are Mr. Celebs) on account of my last *piece*, I can account for the dulness which runs through that, your 'St.

Dennis' lay before me while I composed—and a single glance at that, always makes me drowsy,—it does indeed Mr. Celebs. I recommend it to all old maids, who deal in *simples*, as an infallible *soporific*; if your poetry is in the same spirit, you will be hereafter the *poetpye* of nurses—it will make such divine *lullabies*.

Like a second Howard, you declare your first object is the 'elevation of society'; this proposition seems absurd, unless you intend to elevate society as Archimedes proposed to elevate the earth, by taking a position at a distance from it; for you never come among us. Do Mr. Celebs, when you have exalted us, by means of your Archimedean *lever*, to a station in the scale of beings, which shall square with your 'peculiarly delicate and refined views'—do condescend to approach us—do gratify our girlish curiosity, and permit us to feast our eyes in gazing on that *great unknown*, who never condescends 'to let the vulgar know they are wiser than himself on any subject.'

And now, Mr. Celebs, I am going to make you a proposition, which according to your own construction of 'Leap-year privileges,' I have a perfect right to do, without passing 'the fearful verge of immodesty'; we both like to appear in *print*; you scribble poetry, so do I; you look to the elevation of society, so do I; nature seems evidently to have designed us for each other; I therefore modestly, respectfully, and unequivocally 'pop the question,' and propose that we be forthwith united at the Altar of Hymen; we might thus end this fearful controversy, and join hand in hand in the great work of elevating society; when, I venture to predict, our joint productions will make more *noise* in the world, than our divided efforts, and we shall be hailed by the next generation, as the founders of that only *legitimate* mode of elevating society—Union.

Farewell, Mr. Celebs, I hope this is the last time, I shall address you by that title, or subscribe myself—

CAROLINE CANDOR.

P. S. Mr. Printer, whether Mr. Celebs accepts my proffered matrimony, or not, this will be positively my last. I have just received the summer *fashions*, and my numerous calls for dresses keep me constantly in the *shop*; I must give over writing, although it is pleasant to see one's *pieces* in *print*; however, if Mr. Celebs persists in palming his *scandal* upon us, he may run against my *needle* again.

C. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN EXTRACT.

We grow indolent—all of us—men and women alike, in absolute possession; drowsy, torpid, (such is the nature of woman—it is the law of *her* being,) in absolute security. Her heart *must* be agitated, now and then, or it will fall asleep in its own sunshine. The finer ties that intertangle any two hearts, are never felt but when those hearts are jarred; the stronger ones, never, but when they are pulled at, by separation, peril or doubt; coquettes understand this. It is the instinct of power, in woman. I believe what I say. Men are without it. Which of her children does a mother love best? That, which has been the cause of most anxiety, sorrow, suffering. Who are the husbands and lovers, that are most passionately and devoutly loved? Those who would seem to be wholly unworthy of love—the neglectful—or the wicked. Those who are known to be a source of continual heart-burning, inquietude, and jeal-

ousy.—Who ever saw a neglected wife, that did not secretly love her husband, even to distraction,—long after she had grown ashamed of her love? So with men. They dangle after those, who hold them in a state of continual agitation. To keep the waters of affection pure, they *must* be troubled—even when all other waters are quiet; and, if there be no angel to do it, why, a devil is better than quiet for them. The very air of heaven would stagnate, but for the thunder. So would these fountains, but for the occasional intruder—so would the atmosphere of a woman's heart.

JOHN NEAL

MIDNIGHT.

The clock is striking twelve. How finely the full tones sweep past through the air, as if they would take up your thought and carry it miles away to the very friend you are thinking of at the moment. The sentinel at the fort heard the clock, and the 'first scholar' looked up from his fluxions at Cambridge and walked to the window to cool his strained eyes as the vibration reach him, and the sleepless maniac at Charlestown, turned his insane gaze alike and listened to the twelve solemn strokes with habitual attention—How many haunts of wretchedness hidden from human eye, in the depths of human hearts, have these cold vibrations reached while they are dying so carelessly on our ears? What tales might they tell of secret misery, sickness unwatched, and preying sorrow, and fear, and care, and the thousand bitter cankers that lie and feed at the very heart-strings, beyond all reach of medicine, perhaps of sympathy. Many a wife sits watching with a broken heart for her husband's step—many a mother for her child's; many a venturesome merchant lies haunted by fears of shipwreck and fire, many an undetected defaulter fancies voices at the door, many a young girl just finding out that love is only a heaviness and a tear, muses bitterly over the caprice of a moment or an unmeaning trifle. And these are the only watchers—for the happy are asleep—save perhaps the bride on her daintily wrought pillow murmuring in a low tone to the ear that will soon tire of its monotony—or the fervent poet building up his dream into the sky, with his eyes straining into the darkness, and his pulse mounting with the leaping freedom of an angel's, forgetful that the world will trample out his fiery spirit to ashes, and laugh to scorn the fine work of his towering fancy.

An Irishman, who some time ago was committed to Knutsford House of Correction for misdemeanor and sentenced to work on the treadmill for a month, observed, at the expiration of his task, 'What a great deal of fatigue and botheration it would have saved us poor creatures if they had but invented it to go by stame, like all other water mills; for d— burn me, if I hav'nt been going up stairs for four wakes, but niver could reach the chamber door at all, at all!'

The editor of the N. Y. Gazette, speaks of an instrument which he some times has occasion to use, says, 'quills are taken from the *pinion* of one goose, to spread the *o-pinions* of another.'

A gentleman being once at a public entertainment, where one of the party sat several hours without speaking a syllable, and was evidently silent from a contempt of the company, determined to resent it—Accordingly, when supper came in, he studiously attended to the silent man, and before his plate was empty, loaded it with every thing at table. One of

the company remarking this, asked him why he was so assiduous. 'Sir,' replied he, 'it proceeds from my humanity, and the tenderness of my disposition, I cannot bear to see a dumb creature want.'

Pleasant Travelling.—In Edinburgh resides Mr. C—, who is as huge, though not as witty, as Falstaff. It is his custom when he travels to book two places, and thus secure half the inside of a coach to himself. He sent his servant the other day to book him for Glasgow. The man returned with the following pleasing intelligence: 'I've book'd you Sir; there weren't two inside places left, so I booked you one in and one out.'

King James the I. gave all manner of liberty and encouragement to the exercise of buffoonery, and took great delight in it himself. Happening once to bear somewhat hard on one of the Scotch courtiers. 'By my soul,' returns the peer, 'he that made your majesty a king, spoiled the best fool in Christendom.'

Two Oxonians, dining together, one of them noticing a spot of grease on the neckcloth of the other, said—'I see you are a Grecian.' 'Pooh,' said the other 'that's far-fetched.' 'No, indeed,' said the punster, 'I made it on the spot.'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1832.

The Boston Literary Magazine.—This is a new periodical published by Clapp & Hull, Boston, and edited by an association of gentlemen. The first or May number is before us. It is neatly printed on good paper, and contains many good things. Terms \$2 per annum payable in advance.

The Record of Genius.—A new weekly paper bearing this title has made its appearance in Utica. It is published by Mr. Quartus Graves, on a medium sheet, in the quarto form, and is to be devoted exclusively to literary and miscellaneous reading, chiefly original. Price \$2 per annum.

Persons wishing for the eighth volume of the Repository, can be supplied with it bound or unbound; we have also on hand a few complete sets of the Rural Repository, new series, and all the volumes, excepting the second, from the beginning.

VOLUME NINTH

OF THE

RURAL REPOSITORY,

OR BOWER OF LITERATURE;

Embellished with Copperplate Engravings.

Devoted exclusively to Polite Literature, comprised in the following subjects: Original and Select Tales, Essays, American and Foreign Biography, Travels, History, Notices of New Publications, Summary of News, Original and Select Poetry, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, &c. &c.

On issuing proposals for publishing the Ninth Volume of the Rural Repository, the publisher would renew his pledge to his patrons, and the public in general, that his unremitting endeavors will be exerted to meet their expectations. The Repository will continue to be conducted on the same plan and afforded at the same convenient rate, which he has reason to believe has hitherto given it so wide a circulation; and such a durable and flattering popularity as has rendered it a favorite and amusing visitor during the eight years of its publication. As its correspondents are daily increasing and several highly talented individuals with the benefit of whose literary labors he has not heretofore been favored, and whose writings would reflect honor upon any periodical, have engaged to contribute to its columns, he flatters himself that their communications and the original matter already on hand, together with the best periodicals of the day, with which he is regularly supplied, will furnish him with ample materials for enlivening its pages with that variety expected in works of this nature.

CONDITIONS.

The Rural Repository will be published every other Saturday, and will contain twenty six numbers of eight pages each, besides the plates, a title page and an index to the volume, making in the whole, 212 pages, Octavo. It shall be printed in handsome style, on Super Royal paper of a superior quality, with an entire new bourgeois type, (of which this number is a specimen,) each number containing at least one quarter more matter than heretofore; making, at the end of the year, a neat and tasteful volume, the contents of which will be both amusing and instructive to youth in future years.

The Ninth Volume (Fifth Volume, New Series) will commence on the 2d of June next, at the low rate of One Dollar per annum, payable in all cases in advance. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of the Eighth volume.

Names of Subscribers with the amount of subscriptions to be sent by the 20th of June, or as soon after as convenient, to the publisher, William B. Stoddard, No. 135, corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.

Though it is desirable to have subscribers send in their names as soon after the commencement of the volume as possible, yet we shall endeavour to keep a supply of the previous numbers on hand to accommodate person wishing to subscribe any time during the year. No subscriptions received for less than one year.

May 19, 1832.

EDITORS, who wish to exchange, are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions, or at least a passing notice, and receive Subscriptions.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, ending June 13th.

M. B. Wilder, Worcester, Ms. \$2; J. Martin, Barrytown, N. Y. \$1; R. Flint, P. M. Monson, Ms. \$3; O. Bills, Sheffield, Ms. \$1; M. A. Woolsey, & G. F. Deming, Athens, N. Y. \$2; W. P. Kouke, Elmira, N. Y. \$1; J. Rogers, Harpersville, N. Y. \$1; W. M. Bunker, Ghent, N. Y. \$1; A. F. Miller, Taghkanick, N. Y. \$1; D. D. Benedict, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$1; H. T. Sumner, P. M. Stockbridge, N. Y. \$1; T. Whitney, P. M. Magnolia, N. Y. \$1; W. H. Statterlee, Burnt Hills, N. Y. \$6; G. Dubois, Lower Red Hook, N. Y. \$1; T. B. Wakeman, Poble, N. Y. \$1; W. Overbagh, P. M. Germantown, N. Y. \$2; Z. McElroy, Wheeling, Vir. \$3; H. N. Fargo, P. M. Sherburne, N. Y. \$2; F. A. Elton, Williamstown, Ms. \$1; C. Johnson, P. M. Rutland, N. Y. \$2; M. A. Stilman, Greenwich, Ms. \$1; A. K. Beckwith, Cicero, N. Y. \$3; R. V. Wagener, P. M. New Paltz, N. Y. \$1; H. Bailey, Albany, N. Y. \$1; T. Billings, P. M. Newbery, O. \$1; J. J. Frisbee, Bern, N. Y. \$2; C. B. Wing, Greenfield, Centre, N. Y. \$1; J. Currie, Jun. New-York, \$1; J. R. Simms, Canajoharie, N. Y. \$1; M. L. Fitch, Henrietta, N. Y. \$1; E. A. Slader, Unity, N. H. \$1; G. Turner, Hinsdale, N. H. \$1; L. S. Morris, Ogdensburgh N. Y. \$1; H. Seeley, New Baltimore, N. Y. \$1; A. G. Parker, P. M. Shirley Village, Ms. \$1; B. G. Whiting, Lunenburg, Ms. \$2; J. Norton, Bennington, Vt. \$1.

SUMMARY.

Easy method of fine-edging a Razor.—On the rough side of a strap of leather, rub a piece of tin or a common pewter spoon for half a minute, or till the leather becomes glossy with the metal.—If the razor be passed over this leather about half a dozen times, it will acquire a very fine edge.

The late Stephen Girard's income was estimated at nine hundred thousand dollars a year, which is one dollar seventy three and a half cents a minute.

The yearly value of Caps manufactured in the United States, is estimated at \$4,500,000. Bad for hatters.

The value of Paper manufactured yearly is estimated at \$7,000,000, of which about \$3,500,000 are paid for rags, and \$1,200,000 for wages.

There were, within a few thousand, as many pairs of boots and shoes manufactured in Lynn, the last year past, as the whole number of fish caught by the Marblehead fisheries, the past season.—*Rec.*

MARRIED.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Capt. Frederick C. Clary, of Nantucket, to Miss Mary B. Hubbell, daughter of Wm. G. Hubbell, Esq. of this city.

On Tuesday, the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitecomb, Mr. William H. Anable, to Miss Mary B. Steel, all of this city.

On Friday, the 8th inst. by the same, Mr. Thomas Mattison, to Miss Dorcas Higgins.

On Thursday, the 7th inst. by the Rev. Edward Andrews, Mr. John Loudon, of Auburn, to Miss Maria Schermerhorn, of this city.

In Coxsackie, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Griggs, Mr. Abraham Hitchcock, of Hudson, to Miss Sarah Y. Hoyt, of the former place.

In North Guilford, Conn. on the 13th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitmore, Mr. William F. Butler, of this city, to Miss Nancy Bartlett, daughter of the late David Bartlett, Esq. of the former place.

In Great Barrington, Mass. on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Burt, Mr. Elias H. Sprague, of Pittsfield, to Miss Aurelia Pomeroy, of the former place.

At Millville, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Sylvester W. Conant, of Wilton, Saratoga Co. to Miss Maria Augusta Kirk, of Kinderhook.

DIED.

In Claverack, on the 2d inst. Mrs. Christina, wife of Mr. Peter Kelts in 52d year of her age.

Also, on the same day, Mr. John Michael, in the 47th year of his age.

At Philadelphia, on the 14th ult. in the 28th year of her age, Catherine Patterson, the last surviving child of Robert Livingston, former proprietor of the Manor of Livingston.

POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

THE CAUSE OF POLAND.

What heart but swells with joy, to trace
The annals of Sarmatia's glory?
But ah! can time or tears efface
The horrors of her later story?
A guiltless clime, by impious power
Of leagued oppressors, bound in chains!
Yet struggling to her latest hour,
While the last gasp of life remains!
Her sons,—upon their native soil
Compelled to eat the bread of slaves!
To wait e'en tyrant's leave to *toil*,
Or seek for Freedom o'er the waves!
Else why did brave Pulaski's blood,
Bedew a far, and foreign strand?
Why gallant Kosciusko stood,
A bulwark to Columbia's band?
But once again! Poland, again!
They wave thy ancient flag on high
Ah! does that standard yet remain?—
Or droops it 'neath a low'ring sky?
Ah no! a dauntless patriot band
Have pledged their oaths to Heaven, on high,
That flag *shall* float o'er sea and land,
Or they beneath it's folds will *die*!
But roused oppression's trumpet blast,
Has called his legions from afar,
The servile hordes are gathering fast,
To swell the horrid ranks of war.
They come;—Earth trembles 'neath their tread,
Heaven echoes to their warlike cry;
I see their hostile banners spread,
While threatening clouds involve the sky.
I see the Polish horseman brave,
I see the Cossack's glittering lance,
I see their brandished sabres wave,
And the long martial line advance.
I hear the thundering cannon sound,
I see the furious Hosts unite;
These for their monarch bleed around;
These for their God and Country fight.
And Poland's standard, high in air,
Still waves above the ensanguined field;
Each Polish soldier gazing there
May faint and die but cannot yield.
Then on Sarmatia, glorious land!
Press forward in thy high career!
Humble the haughty tyrant's hand,
Break the oppressor's blood-stained spear.
For thee the hearts of millions pray,
On thee the eyes of nations gaze;
There let them rest, nor turn away
'Till dimmed with glory's dazzling blaze!
The meed of deathless fame be thine,
The rising star, that gilds thy brow,
Shall with eternal glory shine,
Though darkling clouds obscure it now.
May, 1831.

From the Norfolk Beacon.

STANZAS,

Addressed to a young boy, who supposing himself rebuked for his affection, replied—*I am not too old to love my mother.*

I did not think to check the flow
Of thy young heart's deep love, fair boy;
And with ungente hand to throw
A cloud athwart thy sun of joy.
Would—though fast coming years will steal
Thy boyish freshness from thy brow—
Thou ne'er could'st be too old to feel
The same pure love that stirs thee now.

Would that thy heart might ever be
Link'd to thy mother's by a spell
As strong as human destiny,
And love, that years, nor cares may quell;
That manhood might not lead away
Thy steps from the maternal knee,
The spot where thou art wont to pray,
The lip that only blesseth thee.
Yet vain the wish—a mother's choice
May not forever win thine ear,
A mother's heart bid thine rejoice,
Nor blend with thine a mother's tear.
Thou wilt commune with men—and yearn
For the endearments childhood knew,
And sigh, when later friendships burn,
For those, the early loved and true.
And they will quit thee not—no charm
Lingers about our after years;
There cometh no maternal arm
To mould our course, or stay our fears.
And thou wilt look, in sorrow back,
On many a joy-enliven'd scene,
But find on manhood's blistering track,
Nought like a mother's love, I ween.
Then think not I could bid thee seal
Thy living heart up in thy breast,
And would that thou should'st cease to feel
All that hath power to make thee blest!
O, no! let thine affection now
Gush out, where'er their promptings move;
Hereafter it may be that thou
Wilt find no human thing to love.

T ——— fell in love with a maid,
Each night 'neath her window he stood,
And there with his soft serenade,
He awaken'd the whole neighborhood.
But vainly he tried to arouse
Her sleep, with his strains so bewitching;
While he played in the front of the house—
She slept in the little back kitchen.

PRUDENT SIMPLICITY.

That thou mayst injure no man, dove-like be,
And serpent-like, that none may injure thee.

ENIGMAS.

Answers to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.

No, is a denial that many have got;
To that add a T, makes the syllable Not;
And Tin, is an ore that is frequently found,
Whilst the ploughman says G, as he turns up the ground,
A Ham, is a savoury piece we must own,
Then *Nottingham*, sure, is the name of your town.

PUZZLE II.—Because they are *turned* by the *weight* of their fees.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why are executors and administrators like turkey buzzards?

II.

Why are unmarried ladies like men in prison?

Writing Ink,

Of a superior quality, by the gallon or less quantity, for sale at A. Stoddard's Bookstore.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

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